

And her eyes are weeping dim,  
But the page is bright  
With a glow of light  
And her heart leaps up to him  
Who pours the mystic harmony  
Which the soul can only hear.  
She is not alone  
On the old gray stone,  
Though there's no one standing near.  
There's no one left to cheer her now,  
But the eye that never sleeps  
Looks on her in love  
From the heavens above,  
And with quiet joy she weeps.  
She feels the pulse of life is poured  
In her warm heart's deepest core,  
And the widow alone  
On the old gray stone,  
Has a peace the world knows not.

## THE AMERICAN.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 12, 1858.

## "THE UNION OF THE UNIONISTS, FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION!"

With the present number, the publication of the AMERICAN will be suspended until next December, when it will be resumed under more favorable auspices, and with more means in hand to insure its success.

We regret our inability to go on with it, but as the AMERICAN of this city are oppressed and depressed, deprived of all employment under the government and hunted down, persecuted, traduced and calumniated, few of them have the ability or the spirit to do for a paper advocating their cause what is necessary to be done to enable it to succeed. Some of them have acted nobly and generously; we honor and feel grateful to them for their aid and cheering countenance; others, we are willing to believe, would have been equally liberal had they been able to be so; while others gave us many encouraging words and promises of great things, whose "sayings" and "doings" have proved to be very distantly related to each other, the one being very large, and the other very diminutive.

That the paper has been ably conducted, we have the amplest testimony, not only of the AMERICAN of this city, but of the AMERICAN press generally; and our encouragement from distant subscribers has been cheering; indeed, but for the subscriptions we have received from the country, we should have been compelled to give up long ago.

Our country subscribers, as well as to our city subscribers who have paid in advance, we express our sincere regret that we cannot at once refund them the amount due; but while more is due to us for the paper than has been thus paid in advance, we find it almost hopeless task to collect our dues; if we could do so, we could at once discharge every debt the paper owes.

We have labored on for more than ten months under exceedingly discouraging circumstances, hoping that the future might be more encouraging than the past, and that the AMERICAN of the whole Union would feel the want of a paper expressing their sentiments at the seat of the Federal Government; but if they feel any such want, they have not been prompt enough for our necessities, in making their wishes manifest. With our present limited means, we find ourselves compelled to call a halt; to take breath, to rest awhile, recruit, and get "material aid," which we hope to have by the 1st Monday of December next.

## AUDACIOUS CALUMNY.

The following from the Union of Thursday, shows to what lengths in calumny and falsehood that base, unscrupulous partisan sheet will go:

"THE PUBLIC PEACE.—This city has not, it appears by the criminal records, yet recovered from the misrule of Know-Nothingism. Two years ago, so ably denounced at that time by the Democratic journals, as may be seen by reference to their files. Neither is it to be expected that in so large a population there should be perfect peace and harmony, especially during such a heated term as that through which we are now swelling."

By reference to our columns, it will be seen that our city was never more infested with gangs of ruffianly rowdies than it has been since the election of Berret as Mayor. Who these ruffians are, everybody knows; they are the same who created so much disturbance on the day of election, and perambulated the city from poll to poll endeavoring to create riots, and who succeeded at the City Hall, and some other places. They are Berret's special friends of the State's House. And yet the Union would lead people into the belief that these ruffians, sin, vagabond scoundrels are know-nothings, and that all the mischief they are perpetrating—the attacking and beating those who voted for Wallace, burning Mr. Berry's house because he told the truth about Berret—is done by Know-Nothings. The Union does not expect to be believed here; its lies are manufactured for those at a distance who do not know that they are lies.

A duel—almost—has occurred between Messrs. Hughes and Harris, of Illinois.

of the people! And we of our freedom and independence. Why there is not a more tyrannical, despotic, corrupt, shameless government upon the face of the earth.

The reign of rowdism is now to be perpetuated under James G. Berret. Well, we hope our citizens will have enough of it. The night since the election, have been made hideous by the yells and screams of the same gangs of ruffians who made our streets so dangerous last winter. All night may be heard the constant firing of guns and pistols, and the hootings of these nocturnal prowlers, disturbing the sleep of peaceful people, and exciting alarm everywhere.

Well, if people prefer this state of things for the sake of having a little Democracy with it, we can only say "there is no accounting for tastes." Berret is now chief of the rowdies; he has reached the post he has been so ambitious to attain; let us see whether they will be his masters, or he theirs.

A SCENE ON THE BALTIMORE CAR.—A lad came on the cars, on their way from Baltimore to Washington, on Thursday, to sell fans. Two men in the smoking car called him; they wanted a fan. One of them took one, and then asked the price, six cents. They would give him three and no more, nor would they return the fan. The boy would not take the three cents and insisted on having six, or his fan. They cursed him and told him to take the three cents and be off. The boy would not go. At length one of the scoundrels said, "look here you—We belong to the Washington States House, and [pulling out a pistol] if you don't clear out pretty d— quick we will blow your d— brains out." The boy, no way intimidated, insisted on his money or his fan. One of them then pulling out a \$20 bill said, "we've got no change, but if you will change this we will pay you your six cents. The boy could not, of course; but a gentleman near by offered to change the bill, whereupon ruffian States House put it in his pocket again, and finally gave the boy five cents, with a threat that if he didn't take it and be off, he would blow his brains out, pointing the pistol at his head. The cars then starting the boy took the five cents and left. These are Berret's allies; the men he is to preserve law and order with!

## "IT'S AN ILL WIND."

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, it is said will make about \$15,000 out of his office this session, on account of the numerous alleged frauds that have been perpetrated, and have been undergoing investigation. The principal source of his profit is his fees and travel for summoning witnesses—a host of whom have been summoned from a great distance.

## THE LATE ASSEMBLY AT MONTGOMERY.

Several respectable gentlemen lately met at Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, and listened to each other's speeches. Well, we see no harm in this circumstance. People have a right to make speeches. In this country its one of their inalienable rights, and to deprive some of them of it would, we fear, come under the law of cruelty to animals! Besides, speeches unquestionably do good. Through them superfluous patriotism—whose retention would only injure the proprietors—is discharged, leaving the body, mental and physical, in a normal and more healthy condition. Hence, therefore, to let off speeches is the same, under some circumstances, as letting off damned up waters or foul gases. Great calmness of mind, we are told, is felt after efforts of this kind. A halcyon period, it is said, comes over the individual, a sense of the serene and beautiful, and he enters the dream-land where there are no clouds or hurricanes, siroccos or pitfalls, which is supposed to be chiefly occupied temporarily by Chinese opium-eaters. Surely if these be the happy consequences of speech-letting who could be so cruel as to oppose it?

The meeting at Montgomery called itself the "Southern Commercial Convention," which seems to have been slightly inappropriate. In some sense, however, it may have been, in part at least, correct. It took place in a Southern State, and therefore, we suppose, may be called Southern; it convened, and therefore, was a Convention. The Commercial element of it, however, appears to have been wholly wanting, and we shall have to surrender that part of the title incontinently. We must confess, however, that notwithstanding the foregoing admissions, almost any other title would have answered just as well. Seceders' Association, or Donnybrook Meeting, strikes us would have been more to the point. As to the proceedings then and there had, it does not matter. We judged our readers set some value upon their time, and hence did not give them, though we do not intend to say by this that we consider the time devoted to amusements as thrown away by any means. We are decidedly in favor of proper amusements, and in future sessions of the Seceders' Association we would suggest, with all due deference, that gymnastic exercises be added to the programme. It would vary the proceedings, and, in our judgment, would be a decided improvement.

Seriously, this meeting seems to have fallen into almost universal disfavor. Our exchanges from every quarter pitch into it without mercy. Its proceedings please no body. The Disunion-at-any-price people find fault because the assembly didn't dissolve the Union at once, so as to save trouble and expense. Ordinary patriots denounce it as a sectional, impracticable and ridiculous humbug. The Knoxville Register calls it a "nest of traitors." The Georgia Federal Union, the leading Democratic paper of that State, speaks of it as follows: "We had little hope that the Southern Commercial Convention would do anything practical or useful. We attended it two days, and saw who, and what men, were at the head of it. That satisfied us. They were men who are always at the extreme of every ques-

tion they take hold of. They can never be other than blind guides, and will ruin the Country if they are to lead. But what has been done by any of these Conventions to preserve our interests as a people, or protect our rights as political equals in the Government? Nothing in the past; and nothing will be done by them in the future. When the South gets ready to dissolve the Union, all she has to do is to reassemble the Southern Commercial Convention which met at Montgomery, and give the word—'twould come. In one way these Conventions do good. They serve admirably as escape valves for gassy bodies, that would otherwise burst. It is a diminutive stage, whereon men dressed in a little brief authority splurge extensively, without much danger to any body but themselves. Would-be Congressmen, Legislators, and Senators, who have an opportunity to display talents "by authority," go to the Commercial Convention and spend there the last drop of popularity they may ever have acquired. We hope this is the last."

To which the Savannah Republican, the leading independent paper of Georgia, responds in this style:

"Aha! The scales are at last falling from your eyes, are they? For uttering the same sentiments concerning the Convention, from the first time we had an opportunity of knowing anything of its true character, we were denounced by the presses and politicians of the Federal Union stripe, as inimical to the prosperity and commercial independence of the South."

The Montgomery (Ala.) Confederate, (high pressure) does not pretend to conceal its dislike, and the Paulding (Miss.) Clarion, (Dem) referring to the fact that the time of the revival was mostly occupied in discussing the revival of the slave trade, has the following pertinent remarks:

"No man in his senses ever expects to see a Congress, under the present Confederacy, that will repeal the slave trade Statutes. What then can be the good—what is the object of this agitation? Is it simply for the love of agitation, or is it the part of a scheme to commit the South to extreme and impracticable demands upon the General Government, which will drive from her support all the Constitutional men of the North, and thus draw the line of sectionalism so broad and deep as to render the continuance of the Union impossible? It really seems as if this were the chief purpose, as it is certainly the direct tendency of this movement."

We might continue quotations to show in what light this sectional assemblage is regarded generally; but it is unnecessary. As to the hope expressed by the Georgia Federal Union, that no more of these peripatetic meetings may be held, we are indifferent. We do not care a straw whether more take place or not. Nobody is responsible for what is said or done in them except the sayers and doers. In no sense do they represent the sentiments of the people of the South, and as everybody now knows this, they must be impotent alike for evil or good.—N. O. Com. Bulletin.

## POLITICAL INTEGRITY.

The most cursory observer of the proceedings of politicians cannot fail to be forced to the conclusion that statesmanship in this Country is fast becoming a mere matter of history. The days when a Calhoun, a Clay, a Webster graced the United States Senate, and through their comprehensive views, and their love of justice, made our Nation respected both at home and abroad, have passed. Congress now, with here and there an exception, is composed of demagogues, whose intellects have scarce the power to comprehend a correct principle, and whose practices form the modern idea of "the greatest good to the greatest number"—that number being number one. The greatest difficulty in our national legislation is that principles which even the political tyro perceives to be correct, cannot be made the basis of party action. Everything must be done for expediency alone. Parties are arrayed upon sectional considerations, and their controllers have not the sense to perceive that in trampling upon the right they create precedents which are sure in the end to ruin those for whose apparent benefit the right was sacrificed. The leading minds of the nation are too much absorbed in mercenary considerations. Presidential patronage has grown into an enormous upas tree, which corrupts the very atmosphere of those who breathe it. From the foreign minister to the post office clerk, a surrender of private judgment is virtually demanded, and as a matter of course, Government stipendiaries, from the highest to the lowest grade, are mere automata, who dance at the bidding of the appointing power. Under such circumstances we do not marvel at the disappearance of political integrity. In an active nation like this, where the almighty dollar is the aim of the exertions of most of our people, we early get an idea that a *quid pro quo* is demanded for everything. The Government officer, whose salary is enormous, large in proportion to the work which he is required to perform, knows that, to secure his position permanently, he must do the dirty work of the appointing power, and all manliness and self-respect is necessarily crushed out of him. Men of mind and character are slow to accept positions under such conditions, and consequently, year by year, the character of Government subordinates deteriorates.

Meanwhile the contamination of want of principle spreads among the people. A smart, enterprising young man soon ascertains that principle stands in the way of his political preferment. If his moral nature is capable of being subverted he soon learns how to stifle the voice of conscience and to blindly follow the dictates of his superiors. He also discerns that if he can make up in noise what his arguments may lack in sense, he will receive the approbation and rewards of his party, and he sees who, and what men, were at the head of it. That satisfied us. They were men who are always at the extreme of every ques-

tion they take hold of. They can never be other than blind guides, and will ruin the Country if they are to lead. But what has been done by any of these Conventions to preserve our interests as a people, or protect our rights as political equals in the Government? Nothing in the past; and nothing will be done by them in the future. When the South gets ready to dissolve the Union, all she has to do is to reassemble the Southern Commercial Convention which met at Montgomery, and give the word—'twould come. In one way these Conventions do good. They serve admirably as escape valves for gassy bodies, that would otherwise burst. It is a diminutive stage, whereon men dressed in a little brief authority splurge extensively, without much danger to any body but themselves. Would-be Congressmen, Legislators, and Senators, who have an opportunity to display talents "by authority," go to the Commercial Convention and spend there the last drop of popularity they may ever have acquired. We hope this is the last."

To which the Savannah Republican, the leading independent paper of Georgia, responds in this style:

in their notions, what can be expected of the classes above them? Will not political corruption, acting upwards and downwards, soon leaven the whole mass? Of what use, under such circumstances, to talk of political integrity? There can be no such thing. The first step towards its attainment is to divest political parties, as far as may be, of patronage. No dominant party should have the power to pay a premium for wickedness. The emoluments in the hands of a Government should not be of such magnitude as to admit of our rulers corrupting our people. The time will come when this will be clearly seen; but then it may be too late to remedy the difficulty.

So far from a high political position being the certificate of a high moral character and a lofty intellect, as was wholen the case, it is now the mark of a mean and contemptible subservency. It is generally attained only by sycophants, whose brains are in the inverse proportion to their obsequiousness. All over the nation frauds in regard to land and peculations in official matters abound. Those which come to light are suppressed as far as it may be, or concealed, if Government action can cause such concealment. If not, circumstances are added to mitigate fraud into obliquity, and misdemeanors into indiscretions. And why? Because the offenders can carry a number of votes which are essential to his party in the locality where he resides; and because, if the public mind be directed to frauds, the concealed frauds of much greater offenders will be dragged into light.

The safety, therefore, of one set of speculators depend upon their concealing and suppressing the frauds of their contemporary officeholders, and hence throughout the Union every impediment is thrown in the way of an investigation of official turpitude. Who does not know that cases exist where members of Congress entering our National Halls poor and in debt, emerge therefrom in two, four or six years with property which has not been earned by any extraneous business, nor was derivable from their salaries? Who has not ascertained among the minor dependents upon Government patronage, that being quartered upon the public bounty for a few years, frequently enables the stipendiary to accumulate a sum five or ten times greater than the whole of the salary which he meanwhile received, in addition to the expenditures for living and the pecuniary contributions he has made to his party?

Of course, outsiders have no means of knowing what there is in an alliance with Uncle Sam, which enables the recipient of his official bounty to show pecuniary results so clearly in defiance of the common rules of arithmetic, but any one can perceive that such cases as we have alluded to bespeak anything but integrity, either in the officials or in the power which sustains them. Something must be done to remedy this great and glaring difficulty. If it be not, then are our liberties but mockery, and our institutions but a name.

If there be one measure which our Country needs more than any other, it is a reduction of Government patronage. This has thus far been the source of more corruption in our Country than all other causes combined. This patronage is increasing from year to year, and will soon make the President of the United States omnipotent over all those who can be controlled by money. If we have a President now who is above the improper exertion of such an influence, there is no guarantee that succeeding Executives will be so; and while it can be done this power should be shorn to its smallest practicable dimensions.

But we have no faith that the Democratic party will ever do more than profess to be in favor of free trade. Their leading idea, emanated by one of their great lights—"to the victors belong the spoils," forbids the expectation that they will ever consent to a reduction of the aggregate of "spoils," the very cement of their existence. It matters not that profound principles may demand this. Principles are nothing but catch words, which form the staples of speeches to Buncombe. Do not understand us that the great masses of the American people are as corrupt as their rulers. On the other hand, high minded and honorable men shun the arena of politics as they would a contagion; and consequently we are ruled and cheated by men, in the main, devoid of all principle, and whose only aim is the leaves and fishes which can be dispensed from the Government kitchen. Is there not a fair prospect for the development of political integrity while such a state of things prevails.—Memphis Eagle and Enquirer.

## The Destruction of Jerusalem.

A few weeks ago Sir E. Bulwer Lytton delivered a lecture in Lincoln, which city he has for a number of years represented in Parliament, on the early history of Eastern nations. He gave an outline of the history of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek and Jewish nations, and closed with the following powerful and dramatic description of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus:

"Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judea and Samaria became a Roman province, under subordinate governors, the most famous of whom was Pontius Pilate. These governors became so oppressive that the Jews broke out in open rebellion; and seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem was finally besieged by Titus, afterwards Emperor of Rome. No tragedy on the Stage has the same scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in the history of this siege. The city itself was rent by factions at the deadliest war with each other—all the elements of civil hatred had broke loose—the streets were slippery with the blood of citizens—brother slew brother—granaries were set on fire—famine wasted those whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of these civil massacres, the Roman armies appeared before the rival factions united against the common foe; they were again the gallant countrymen of David and Joshua—they sallied forth and scattered the legions of Rome. But this triumph was brief;

the ferocity of the ill-fated Jews soon again sallied forth on each other. And Titus marched on—encamped his armies close by the walls—and from the heights the Roman general gazed with awe on the City of Jehovah.

Let us pause—and take, ourselves, a mournful glance at Jerusalem, as it then was. The city was fortified by a triple wall, save on one side, where it was protected by deep and impassable ravines. These walls, of the most solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers; opposite to the leftmost of these towers Titus had encamped. From the height of that tower the sentinel might have stretched, below, the whole of that fair territory of Judea, about to pass from the countrymen of David. Within these walls was the palace of the kings—its roof of cedar, its chambers filled with the costliest tapestries, and vessels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself. But high above all, upon a peripetous rock, rose the temple fortified and adorned by Solomon. This temple was as strong without as a citadel—within more adorned than a palace. On entering, you beheld porticoes of numberless columns of porphyry, marble and alabaster; gates adorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful. Further on, through a vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself, all sheathed over with gold, and overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple, even on the outside, was set over with golden spikes, to prevent the birds settling there and defiling the holy dome. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles. But alas, the veil of that temple had been already rent asunder by an inexplicable crime, and the Lord of Hosts did not fight with Israel. But the enemy is thundering at the wall. All around the city arose immense machines, from which Titus poured down mighty fragments of rock, and showers of fire. The walls gave way—the city was entered—the temple itself was stormed. Famine in the meanwhile had made such havoc, that the besieged were more like spectres than living men; they devoured the bolts to their swords, the sandals to their feet. Even nature itself so perished away, that a mother devoured her own infant, fulfilling the awful words of the warlike prophet who had first led the Jews towards the land of promise—"The tender and delicate woman amongst you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness—her eye shall be evil toward her young one and the children that she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straightness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates." Still as if the foe and the famine was not scourge enough, citizens smote and murdered each other as they met in the way—false prophets ran howling through the streets—every image of despair completes the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem. And now the temple was set on fire, the Jews rushing through the flames to perish amidst its ruins. It was a calm summer night—the 10th of August; the whole hill on which stood the temple was one gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs of cedar crashed—the golden pinnacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame. Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks and yells rang back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount of Olives. Amongst the smoking ruins, and over piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome. Thus were fulfilled the last avenging prophecies—thus perished Jerusalem. In that dreadful day, men still were living who might have heard the warning voice of Him they crucified—"Verily, I say unto you, all these things shall come upon this generation. . . . O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee, . . . behold your house is left unto you desolate!" And thus were the Hebrew people scattered over the face of the earth, still retaining to this hour their mysterious identity—still, a living proof of the truth of those prophecies that had scorned or slain—still, vainly awaiting that Messiah, whose divine mission was fulfilled eighteen centuries ago, upon the Mount of Calvary.

## A Woman of Fashion.

THE DEBTS OF A FASHIONABLE WOMAN.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller, in his last letter to that paper, gives an account of a remarkable case of female prodigality in French high life. He writes the following:

"You are to know that Madame de—, was one of the finest ladies of fine society. She went everywhere. She went to the 'balls of only five hundred' given at the Tuilleries—she even went to the first performance of Halévy's La Magicienne—she even heard Tamberlick the first night he gave his ut de poitrine. Well, Madame de— has 'succumbed;' but she went down with a grace that woman could do nothing without an exquisite grace with debts which were debts; not the paltry insignificant ha'penny bills to butchers, bakers, and such common folks, at—lone—done! A hundred and twenty thousand dollars is the bill; an' please, sir! dollars, not francs; an' please, sir!

The husband must have made a wry face when he heard that his wife actually owed a sum of money as romantically beyond even the poetry of pin money as Aladdin's lamp and fortunate purse are beyond De Rothschild's fortune. What a pity it is the Warden at Charleston could not introduce such a punishment into his penitentiary house as this woman suffered before she confessed how far she had gone astray! If he could doom his hardened criminals to that oppression of the heart, that fever of the brain, burdened with a secret which must be disclosed, and whose punishment she could not foresee, pressing day after day, receiving night after

night the carcasses of those lips soon to utter such angry words and bitter reproaches—the fatal secret quivering on her tongue, and still postponed for the day's idle prattle! Look you! The ancients pierced Prometheus' character badly; they should have given him no ravennine vulture, but an upbraiding conscience, and they would have condemned him to the supreme torture in the arsenal of punishment. Mm. de— was at the fancy ball given by M. Walewski, and all the newspapers rang with her praises; she was so gay, so careless, so full of repartee and so much en train. So the world judges, ever taking the mask for the heart! She did not go to that ball for pleasure; she went there on business. "I have set my life upon a dice." She went there determined to single out the Emperor from among all the masks; to confide to him her desperate condition; to crave his aid! Judge from this resolve how high the fever raged which consumed her brain! She saw a mask; knew it was the Emperor; coquetishly enticed him in a corner, and told him the story of her wretchedness, without omitting a single pang. The mask heard her story, and treating it as a farce of masquerade, gaily referred her to the Arabian tales, as even M. de Rothschild himself could not afford her relief. She almost forgot herself so far as to scream with agony. The voice of the mask showed her 'twas not the Emperor! It was then too late to see the Emperor, and she resolved to tell her husband. The first burst of the conjugal storm was of tropical violence. But as the husband loved his wife with ardent affection, and pitied her for the long nights of anguish she lay tossing in fever while he slept in her bosom, he somewhat relented, and is now paying her debts. I dare say, when he has liquidated them all, he will recall her from the convent whither she has retired. It seems that in her love for show, she became \$16,000 in debt to the dry goods shops, the jewellers and the mantu makers—that she became alarmed at this sum, and embarked in stock gambling to save herself. Loss followed loss, until she found herself owing \$120,000."

A STORY OF FEMALE HEROISM.—In the course of a recent speech in Congress, by the Hon. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, he related the following incident which occurred in the Indian war of Oregon:

While in Oregon last summer, I took occasion to inquire of the chief, who was mainly instrumental in getting up this war, to learn the particulars of the fate of some of our people who disappeared in that war of 1855, and of whom we had been able to learn nothing.

When I suggested to the agent, in the council, that I proposed to inquire the fate of Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. Haynes, and others, he was inclined to think it would raise the bitter feelings of the Indians, but said that we could make the inquiry. I told him that I had passed through the country where these people had lived, and that their friends were very anxious to learn their fate. We inquired in relation to Mrs. Wagner, who was a well educated and handsome woman from New York, who had lived long in the country and spoke the Indian tongue fluently.

She kept a public house by the roadside, and the good cheer which she always furnished made it a place where travellers delighted to stop. The Indians informed us that on the morning of the 9th of October they came in sight of the house, where they met some teamsters and packers, a portion of whom they murdered, destroying the wagons and cargoes, as well as the animals, while she was standing in the door.

As soon as they had murdered the people outside, they came towards the house, which was strongly built of hewn logs, and had a heavy door, which fastened with cross bars. When she saw them running toward the house she shut the door, and dropped the bars to prevent their coming in. They came to the door, and ordered her to come out, and bring out her little girl. She said, "no."

Her husband was absent—and, by the way, he was the only man on the road who escaped. They said that if she did not come out they would shoot her. She declined; and, after some deliberation, they determined to set the house on fire. The house was directly enveloped in flames; and the chief, who watched her through a little window, told us that he saw her go to the glass and arrange her hair, then take a seat in the middle of the room, fold her little girl in her arms, and wait calmly until the roof fell in, and they perished in the flames together. And the statement was confirmed by the people who found their remains lying together in the middle of the house.

## A CHANSON FOR CANTON.

John Chinaman a rogue is born,  
The laws of truth he holds in scorn;  
About as great a brute as can  
Encumber the earth is John Chinaman.  
Sing yeh, my cruel John Chinaman,  
Sing yeh, my stubborn John Chinaman;  
Not Cobden himself can take off the ban  
By humanity laid on John Chinaman.

With their little pig-eyes and their large pig-tails;  
And their diet of rats, dogs, slugs and snails;  
All seems to be game in the frying-pan  
Of that nasty feeder, John Chinaman.

Sing lee-tee, my sly John Chinaman,  
No fightie, my coward John Chinaman,  
John Bull has a chance—let him, if he can,  
Somewhat open the eyes of John Chinaman!

Rev. Mason Noble will preach in the Sixth Presbyterian Church, corner of Maryland and Third Street, to-morrow (Sunday.) Services to commence at eleven o'clock.

## TO LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

FOR SALE, "DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE," from the commencement of the Revolution to the adoption of the Constitution, complete in nine volumes octavo, bound in sheep, with an analytical index, perfectly new, in good order, and will be sold a bargain. Address the editor of this paper.

FOR SALE, "A RARE CHANCE," (doubt if not.)—I will sell, if immediately applied for, the stock and fixtures of my BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY, AND FRUIT STORE, doing a good cash business. For further information enquire at this office.